

PRESENTED TO
BING CROSBY
ON THE
21ST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDING
OF
THE CLUB CROSBY
1936 - 1957

Jo7

BINGANG

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CLUB CROSBY PRESENTATION

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Movie Stars Parade
Fan Club Revue

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Notes From the Editor..... 1

REGULAR FEATURES

From Our Branch Leaders..... 7
Meet the Members..... 8
West Coast Representative - Priscilla Koernig..... 14
Tete A-Tete..... 17
Record Review..... 18
Pen Pals..... 20

ARTICLES AND POEMS

Wedding Bells for Bing..... 3
Now Introducing to you Kathryn Grant Crosby..... 4
Snaps for Sale..... 6
Why I Like Bing Crosby..... 9
I've Stretched A Talent So Thin That Today It's Transparent..... 10
The Christmas I Will Never Forget..... 11
Fainting of Bob Hope Hanging In Old Art Gallery in Florence..... 12
Bing Scores With a Bang..... 13
The Continent A La Jo..... 22

Snaps 3
6
14
21

Cover by Jo Clancy

Well, here we are with our new journal, I was happy to hear from all of you who wrote saying you enjoyed reading it. First, of all I want to thank everyone who sent in articles for this issue.

Before I go any further I want to say I received a telegram from Bing this week, which read:

Dear Rena,

We wish you and all the club members the very best for Christmas and the New Year. Kathryn is working, so I'm loafing except for some preparation for the golf tournament January 9-12, with the television broadcast on CBS, on the 12th. Seasons best.

Bing

So many things have happened since the last issue. I guess I'll have to take them one step at a time. First of all, and most important was Bing and Kathy Grant's marriage. I have sent in the name of the club a telegram which read:

Heartiest congratulations and all the happiness in the world to you both.

The Club Crosby
(Rena Albanesi)

I do hope you will enjoy reading about Kathy and her career, which was sent me by Bing, along with the snap of her. I do also hope you will enjoy Mary Maloney's article about Bing and Kathy, and the snap which was sent me by Larry and Bing also, and I want to thank them both once again. The other snap of Bing alone was sent me by Priscilla Koernig, who took it herself. Thank you once again Priscilla.

I guess what we will have to put second would be the dedication of the Bing Crosby Memorial Library at Gonzaga University.

I was just able to write a very small part of it in the journal, at this time, because space was so scarce in this issue, I do hope you will enjoy this small article.

For us of course the highlight was the presentation of our plaque, which arrived on time, and was placed on display in one of the cases in the "Crosbyanna" room of the library. It really makes me very proud and honored to think that we have done our very small part in this great occasion, and that when the people come to visit the library, they will on display our plaque.

I hope you will enjoy having the enclosed snap of the plaque, which I took in my home. I sincerely want to thank Jo Clancy for making us the cover for this journal.

I want to thank once again from the bottom of my heart the following members for their contributions:

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.....Continued

Maurine Carter	Marian Bogan	Mary Levin
Valentine Catena	Jo Clancy	Thomas Kane
Barbara Cooney	Pearl Elliott	Harry Palmer
Christina Gibb	Irene Johnson	Mary T. Light
Donna Gene Hayes	Fred McBride	Virginia Manis
Ann Heidelberger	Mary Maloney	Elsie Schweer
Lester Hershkowitz	Phyllis Welch	Lillian Potter
Rose Marie Holloman	Priscilla Koernig	Pat Sullivan
Judi Kirjavainen	Mrs. E. Gravelle	Ruth Tobaben
Serge Trepainer	Helen Tolton	
Florence Van Brock	Barbara Waggener	
Betty Mae Mosier		

Last but not least was Bing's appearance on the Edsel show, along with Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney and Linny. I have never read such wonderful reviews about any television show, until this one. Everyone did a wonderful job, and Bing, well he was just wonderful as he is in everything he does.

We will be taking up a collection once again for Bing's birthday. I think that this time, this money will go to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California, one of Bing's favorite charity in Los Angeles, but please let me know if this is all right with you. Please have the money to me by no later than April 15, 1958.

Well, that's about all there is for me to tell you now, please go ahead and enjoy the journal, and please do acknowledge it.

I want to welcome into the club the following members:

Patricia McHale	Bill Greehy Jr.	Barbara O'Toole
Robert Carty	Barbara Jones	Sandy Zedalis

WEDDING BELLS FOR BING

Mary Maloney



BING AND KATHY

Bing Crosby has been my favorite singer, entertainer and actor for as long as I can remember. He's a favorite of all of us who belong to CLUB CROSBY.

The news of his recent marriage made us happy because we know it will bring Bing a great deal of happiness.

Bing has been called the greatest entertainer of our time. Lots of other wonderful things have been said about him. He has brightened all of our lives with his golden voice, has brought happiness and joy to countless millions. We have been thrilled by his performances in movies like "GOING MY WAY" and "THE COUNTRY GIRL", both of which proved that he could do more than just sing. Yet when the term MR. MUSIC is used everyone knows it can only refer to one person--Bing.

He is one of the few American performers who is known and loved all over the world and has a following in some foreign countries almost equal to that in the United States. Even during the war the Germans tagged him as DER BINGLE and the name has stuck ever since.

Bing has contributed thousands and thousands of dollars to charity and has given unstintingly of his time to worthwhile causes. Most of this has been done with little or no publicity.

I could go on and on in writing about Bing. Surely one who has done so much for others deserves whatever happiness life can give. In between all the bright spots in his career and personal life there have been sad and lonely times. We who have followed Bing's career for so long have felt that in recent years he has been lonely, especially since the boys have gone their separate ways--into service, college, or pursuing careers.

Marriage to Kathy Grant has brought sunshine and happiness into Bing's life and all of us are happy for both of them. The one thing

WEDDING BELLS FOR BING.....Continued

that struck me the most about Bing and Kathy's marriage was the quiet and unobtrusive way it was done--without any of the Hollywood fanfare. At the same time the occasion was treated with the respect and solemnity it deserves. They were married in a Catholic Church at a Nuptial Mass, which is to my way of thinking anyway, one of the most beautiful ceremonies the Catholic Church has. A wedding shorn of the publicity, glamour and ballyhoo attached to a Hollywood wedding didn't surprise us though--not those of us who have been fans of Bing's for so long. We've known that when he did get married it would be done in just such a way.

When I was first asked to write this article, I was at a loss as to what to say, but now I find it hard to stop because as I said before you could go on and on writing about Bing.

We consider ourselves friends as well as fans of Bing's and we hope that Kathy will consider us friends of hers too. To both Bing and Kathy from all of us, sincere congratulations for a happy life together for a long time to come, which we know will mean forever

* * * * *

NOW INTRODUCING TO YOU ALL * KATHRYN GRANT CROSBY

Texas-born Kathryn Grant earned her right to the co-starring feminine role opposite Jack Lemmon in Columbia's "Operation Mad Ball" by a year of activity which saw her successfully handle roles of increasing importance in six successive pictures. As the pretty Army nurse, who is the target of the romantic attentions of Private Jack Lemmon and Captain Ernie Kovacs in this Jed Harris production, directed by Richard Quine, she has her most important role since she was placed under contract by Columbia early in 1955.

Miss. Grant was cast in "Operation Mad Ball" not long after she had completed a top role with Richard Conte in "The Brothers Rico." The latter was preceded by a lead in "The Night the World Exploded," one of the feminine leads opposite Audie Murphy in "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," and "Reprisal," opposite Guy Madison. These were all Columbia pictures, but during this busy year she also was loaned to United Artists for "The Wild Party" and to Universal-International for another lead in "Mister Cory", with Tony Curtis and Martha Hyer.

Winner of a number of beauty contests in her native Texas, Kathryn admits that her earliest ambitions were to become an actress. She received early encouragement for such a career from her family. While still in school, she used to be driven 17 miles each morning to attend dancing lessons, by an aunt, arriving back in time to start her first class in school. Kathryn insists that it was this kind of family cooperation and understanding that helped her move so rapidly toward her goal.

Although born in Houston, Texas, November 25, 1933, most of her childhood memories dwell upon her early life in West Columbia where her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Grandstaff, reside.

She attended West Columbia grammar and junior high schools, then Robstown High, when beauty contests awards started rolling in. While a junior, she was chosen "Miss Buccaneer Navy," rating her a three-week visit to Mexico City, 15 orchids and a crown. The next year she was chosen the Texas Rodeo Queen at the Houston Fat Stock Show and Exhibition.

Kathryn was 16 at the time, and when two of the judges turned out to be Art Rush, Roy Rogers' manager, and Roy himself, Kathryn

NOW INTRODUCING TO YOU ALL * KATHRYN GRANT CROSBY.....Continued

figured that Hollywood was just around the corner. But Rush told her to finish school and "grow up", so she entered the University of Texas, where in her freshman year, she was chosen as "The Golden Girl" of the Texas (baseball) League. The next year she became Queen of the Texas Lions, with another vacation in Mexico City as the prize. In 1952, she won second place in the "Miss Texas Carnival" with Bob O'Donnell; Texas theatrical figure and patron saint of beautiful Texas girls, urging her to try for Hollywood in earnest.

When her dad, a political figure in Texas, decided to visit Hollywood on his vacation, Kathryn went along. She arrived late of a Sunday evening, was met by Art Rush and brought to Paramount the following day. Two days later Kathryn tested for the ingenue lead in "Forever Female" with William Holden. She was signed to a contract, but didn't get the part. Kathryn did, however, get a role in the film. This led to part in such movies as "Rear Window", "Living It Up", "Arrowhead", "Casanova's Big Night" and "Unchained."

For awhile Kathryn decided to tackle journalism despite her busy schedule and became an accredited correspondent for more than 20 Texas newspapers. She considers this an invaluable experience.

In addition she enrolled at U.C.L.A. in order to complete her college education, which was interrupted when she left the University of Texas where she spent two years. She has since taken a summer course at Texas to complete her undergraduate work. She is a member of Chi Omega sorority.

Kathryn attributes her indomitable spirit and drive directly to her pioneer ancestry. The Grandstuffs were moving slowly across American land before the Revolution, along with the other hardy pioneers of the day. Her grandfather's cousin, Louis Wetzell, an Indian scout, was known as "Death Wind" by the Indians. There were others, preachers and teachers on both sides of her family, who helped build the West.

Miss Grant plays good tennis; considers herself a pretty good ballet and interpretative dancer, has a married brother and sister is very proud of the fact that she's an aunt.

She loves food and can't decide whether she's a gourmet or just always hungry. Her taste in clothes runs toward bright, clear colors. She uses a minimum of jewelry and enjoys designing her own wardrobe.

Kathryn made her debut for Columbia in "Cell 2455, Death Row," playing a teenage delinquent in this life story of convict Caryl Chessman. Her other picture credits are: "TIGHT SPOT," "5 AGAINST THE HOUSE," "REPRISAL," "THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT," "THE PHENIX CITY STORY," "THE WILD PARTY," "MISTER CORY," "THE NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED," "THE BROTHERS RICO," "OPERATION MAD BALL."

Real Name.....	Kathryn Grandstaff
Birthplace.....	Houston, Texas
Birthdate.....	November 25, 1933
Nationality.....	American
Height.....	Five feet, four inches
Weight.....	108 pounds
Eyes.....	Brown
Hair.....	Brown

COLUMBIA STUDIOS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

NOW INTRODUCING TO YOU ALL * KATHRYN GRANT CROSBY



KATHRYN GRANT CROSBY

I have some more snaps for sale at \$.10 each they are:

1. Bing at Elko alone
2. Bing at Elko same day with John Eckert
3. Bing at a charity golf tourney in Orinda, California - ten year old boy taking a picture of Bing
4. Bing alone
5. Bing and Inger Stevens drinking tea on the set of, "Man on Fire"
6. Bing and Rosemary Clooney, Edsel Rehearsel
7. Bing and Kathy on wedding day
8. Bing and Kathy at Gonzaga Library dedication
9. Bing and Lucille Ball
10. Linny alone

Anyone wishing to have pictures hand colored in oil; please write: Patricia McHale - 1314 Wright Street Indianapolis, Indiana, for all information.

When your dues expire, and you decide that you do not wish to rejoin any longer, please do let me know as soon as you receive the journal, otherwise I will keep writing you until I hear from you, so if you do it right away it will help. Thank you!

FROM OUR BRANCH LEADERS

BRITAIN CALLING

Doris Jones

"Man on Fire" came to London in late November and has been well received. I haven't seen the film at the time of writing, as it will be a while before it reaches Manchester. However, I have had two glimpses of the picture on TV, and one of the scenes shown was where Bing was being prevented from taking his son out of the country by air. The impression I got was that this film provides the old Groaner with a role quite different from any undertaken by him before.

Bing's recording of, "Man on Fire" has been on sale here for some months now, but hasn't been doing as well as a certain British recording in spite of the fact that Mr Crosby's version is superior. The song itself is quite pleasant but I find it hard to understand what on earth it has to do with the film. After all it can't be said to set the scene, can it?

On the reverse side of the above mentioned record is a little thing in the Rock 'n' Roll idiom called, "Seven Nights A Week", and why the old Groaner ever saw fit to put this on wax I can't imagine. Please, Bing, no more like this.

After that bit of criticism I'll soften the blow by wishing Bing and his family all the best for 1958 and, of course, my best wishes go to all fellow fans.

SOUTHERN CROSS BRANCH

Thelma Hardie

Well, here it is time for me to give you some news from the land of the Southern Cross.

Firstly, on behalf of our members, I would like to say how happy we were to hear of Bing's marriage. We wish them both all the happiness in the world.

Recently we appointed our first Honorary Member for New Zealand. The voice of Canadian commentator, Happi Hill is well known to New Zealand radio listeners. With the exception of four years break during Army service, he has been on the air with his "Breakfast Club" for the best 16 years. In addition to the morning sessions six days a week, he does a programme "Keeping Up With The World" each Saturday evening. During Mr. Hill's years in radio he has broadcast many programmes about Bing and has used many of his records. I am very grateful to him for all the valuable help he has given me in Club affairs.

I am now negotiating with our Advisory Committee in the hope of appointing an Honorary for Australia. In such a large country this is quite a consignment, as each capital city has its own separate radio community. To find an Australian wide figure worthy of this position he must be a friend to all us Crosby fans. Very soon we hope a suitable person will be appointed.

"Man on Fire" is still showing in Australia and is meeting with considerable success. It is also showing in the North Island of this country, so we hope it will be shown this way about Christmas time.

All for now, so goodbye, and best wishes to you all.

Bing Crosby bought more land near Elko, Nevada, and now owns 5,000 acres. He'll turn the huge ranch over to twin sons Philip and Dennis when they complete their agriculture courses at college.

(Movieland)

MEET THE MEMBERS

Mary Maloney

Hello Again!

It's always a pleasure to greet you through the pages of BINGANG and take you along with me to meet the members. There is just one thing though, I'm running out of members for you to meet. I would like to hear from you sometime before the next issue, or there just won't be any more column.

Now let's meet MARJORIE LACKIE of 256 Dawson Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts, who writes about herself as follows: "I have lived in New Bedford, Massachusetts, all twenty years of my life. I'm 5' 5" tall, brown hair and eyes. My family includes two wonderful eighty-one year young grandparents, Mom, Dad, Buttons and Blackie (3 month old kittens), and, oh yes, Lois. She's five years old. She's also my sister.

If I had my way, I'd be a loafer; but I am employed as a book-keeper in the office of a lumber company, 'cause I need the money. One of my hobbies is spending it as fast as I make it.

I'd love to travel, but, as yet, I haven't gone any farther than New England.

I've been a Bing Crosby fan as long as I can remember. One of my fondest memories is cranking up the old Victrola, and singing along with Bing to the strains of, "White Christmas". I can vaguely remember when Mom took me to see "Holiday Inn." I was five years old at the time.

On January 20, 1953, I received my membership card and a note of welcome from the president of THE CLUB CROSBY, Virginia Keegan. It was the beginning of many enjoyable years and many new friends.

If you should happen to pick up a New Bedford High School class book, for the year 1954, (which is not likely you will) under my picture, and among my vital statistics, you will read, "Likes Bing's singing."

As I said before I'm running out of members, but Pat Sullivan gave me an idea in one of her recent letters. She said, "how about telling us something about yourself, Mary?" So here goes!

I'm single and live at home with my parents at 586 Adams Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey. Have blue eyes and auburn hair, and dislike the name of red, which I was sometimes called when I was younger and my hair was lighter, although now it is darker. I'm told by my friends that I don't realize how lucky I am, because my hair is naturally curly.

Bing and I share the same birthday month--my birthday is May 6th and I am 32 years old.

Since graduating from high school 15 years ago, I have been employed by the same company, and am now in charge of the Accounts Receivable Department.

My brother, two years younger than I, is married and has two children--a girl, six years old, and a boy, two and a half. I am a typical doting aunt, and both parents tell me I spoil the children.

My hobby is fan clubs. Bing's Club was the first one I joined out 14 years ago, and through Club Crosby and other clubs I've made many friends, had grand times and met lots of nice people. Other hobbies are reading, writing letters, and my record collection, the majority of the records are by Bing.

MEET THE MEMBERS.....Continued

I have been a fan of Bing's since I was ten years old. He has always been number one on my list. I have lots of other favorites to numerous to mention. Recently I have become interested in helping young actors and actresses in their careers and belong to clubs for several of them.

Although I enjoy watching TV and have many favorite programs, which include all the westerns, I also am a movie fan, and enjoy going to see plays in New York City, too.

My ambition is to take a trip to California some day.

A happy moment in my life was when Rena asked me to be vice-prexy of Club Crosby.

That about does it. Hope you enjoyed reading about me. Must get back to my Christmas shopping now. By the time you read this Christmas will be over and hope all of you had a merry one, and Happy New Year to all.

WHY I LIKE BING CROSBY

Bing Crosby is my favorite singer, and has been for quite some time. I've also seen a lot of Bing's movies, and know he's a wonderful actor.

I like Bing Crosby because he's sincere, and very very much interested in his fans and fan club.

Bing has a way about him in his movies, and his rare television appearances, that you can't help but like him. In other words, he has a certain warmth about him.

His singing can not be topped. I will always be a fan of Bing's in years to come. Let's give three cheers for, "Our Bing".

Bill Greehy Jr. 23 Cambridge Avenue Garden City, New York

Which brings us to another kind of king- "Mr. Music" himself, Bing Crosby. A few years back some enterprising fellow took a nationwide poll to determine the personalities best-known in America. Der Bingle placed first with 97%, thus outranking two gentlemen named Harry Truman and Winston Churchill, who placed second and third. Most people have always thought of Bing as an engaging amiable chap, effortlessly crooning his way through life while tightening his grip on ever-increasing portions of Fort Knox.

During the thirties the Groaner breezed in and out of one piece of musical fluff after another. The point was to sell the Crosby personality, and it worked. Americans took him to their hearts at once as their favorite troubadour. But the one thing a strong individual personality has to be on constant guard against is that seductive voice keeps whispering, "You're terrific, you'd be terrific in anything stick with what you've got and don't tamper with it." Bing knew this. The golden voice was just one facet of his personality. Why not expand? In his previous films, there had been some evidence of a nice, comic flair-why not explore?

The result was "The Road to Singapore" a comic gem which triggered a six-film series that provided one of the fattest payoffs California has seen since they had all that commotion at Sutter's Mill. Dramatic acting was next. In "Going My Way," Bing fused

equal parts of humor and tenderness in a blend that suited everyone just fine. His performance won Bing an Oscar, and the film itself was the first of ten Crosby flickers to gross over \$400,000, an all-time record. There were other musicals, other comedies, further proof of his dramatic talent in the poignant "Little Boy Lost". And then the acid test-"The Country Girl."

For Bing, playing Frank Elgin took guts, for he was a complete switch-a pitiful, whimpering, alcoholic has-been. The results were a revelation, and any other year, Bing might well have taken home his second Academy Award. A personality had come to full flower-an actor had pushed his resources to the utmost.

As always, when the public forks over its dough for Bing Crosby, that's exactly who they want and get. But nowadays, they get something more, and expert combination of personality and believable characterization and in the case of "The Country Girl" and his latest M-G-M's "Man on Fire", a great performance. Anyone who delivers goods like that would naturally rank high on anyone's list.

Photoplay

September, 1957

* * * * *

I'VE STRETCHED A TALENT SO THIN THAT TODAY IT IS TRANSPARENT; BING.

I've stretched a talent so thin that today it is transparent, thus implied Bing Crosby in a recent statement to someone or other not so long ago, at any rate it hit the headlines in the press all over the world.

Unfortunately, although not in his own interest, Bing is the worst possible spokesman for Bing Crosby, fortunate though for his public or he would have fashioned himself off long ago. I suppose Bing makes these statements to please the reporters, for certainly they have no bearing on the true facts relative to Crosby's status in the entertainment world, on the other hand it could be reasonably assumed that the outspoken statements of certain critics who delight in "pulling to pieces" his present day voice have had some effect on his morale, "although why it is hard to understand, for in recent years his capability as an actor on the screen has met with a tremendous amount of success and has put aside any chance of him being finished, should his voice fail him; and what about that voice?

Bing's voice is as good today as it was thirty years ago, in point of fact better, after all he is not and never has been a threat to the memory of Enrico Caruso, Bing has a pleasant voice which over the years has become world famous, it is with no question of doubt, the most famous voice in the world. In the early days he could reach notes which are now just a memory, whether or not a pleasant memory depends upon the Crosby voice which one prefers, but in whichever category your choice falls it would be hard to overlook his performances on records such as "Many Happy Returns Of the Day" or "June In January". Truly wonderful examples of the style of singing belonging to the early Bing voice, it would be though, be foolish to imagine that singing was easier for him in those days than it is today, not all of those records by young Bing were good and on many of them a distinct straining of his vocal chords can be detected, in fact more so than on his most recent recordings, "Around The World" contains an example of Bing in a "not too happy" voice about half - way through the song although I doubt if it is noticeable to many people and certainly not as much so as some of the strangled notes which were forced into the world by Mr. Crosby in his efforts to reach notes comparable

I'VE STRETCHED A TALENT SO THAT IT IS TRANSPARENT.....Continued

to Louis Armstrong's "high C" on some of his early thirties records, critics of his voice today often try to make out that his early distortion was due to overworking his voice in those days, the truth is probably that those high notes were never really within his range, that he did manage to put them over in a convincing way on many of his records is proof indeed of his determination to reach the top by using a different approach to a song, I hesitate to use that word beginning with "G" but it might well explain the whole thing, after he had become established he began working in the lower register which was after all the voice which established his popularity throughout the world and far beyond in his own dreams of fame and fortune that he did make the world listen was not though a complete surprise, for after all the world had plenty of opportunity to see and listen through the many records and films which he made, obviously, it was intended to work out this way, and Bing had so much to offer that it worked.

Today the voice has a quality of richness which has come with the natural mellowing of his chords, the experience gained from thirty years of singing has taught him every facet of how to put over a song; no matter whether it is a ballad, a classic of Jazz or rock & roll, his performances are such that it is wrong to judge them by comparing them with some other persons rendition, the only way is to compare a Crosby performance by the standard set by Bing Crosby - Is the voice worth arguing about? after all he will always sound like Bing Crosby - good and bad, and he will always have a legion of followers, "Raise your glasses - I give you - BING CROSBY".

Stanley White 61 Stanley Street - Rothwell Northants, England

* * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS I WILL NEVER FORGET

BING CROSBY gave me the loveliest present

Louella Parsons

Since very little on earth can induce Bing Crosby to tell anything about himself, particularly the fine, kind things-I am going to have to tell you about a typical Christmas in the life of this quiet and beloved singer, "an American institution," as Joe E. Lewis describes him.

For many, many years I had a Sunday radio show, and several of these performances fell on Christmas Eve or Christmas. It was never a contract, just an unwritten agreement between us, that Bing would be my guest of honor on these occasions and sing, "Silent Night". To me, it was the loveliest Christmas present I could ever receive, much better than the ones that came tied up in ribbons and paper-because I could share this treat with my listeners.

And every Christmas, Bing's routine was the same. He would begin the day by singing Mass-which one he would never reveal; it was always a secret between him and Monsignor Concannon of the GOOD SHEPHEARD CHURCH in Beverly Hills. But as this familiar and loved voice would ring out over the congregation, you could see heads lift and see heads turn, feel hearts rise in grateful anticipation. One Mass I was particularly lucky to have attended brought us the voice of Bing blended with the sweet voices of the youngsters of the Mitchell Boys Choir, a beautiful experience I shall never forget.

But after the services, Bing was not to be found. He would have slipped away to visit St. John's Hospital, his favorite charity in

THE CHRISTMAS I WILL NEVER FORGET.....Continued

Los Angeles. He would talk to the Sisters and visit the patients they suggested he see, children or adults.

Not, a Christmas will come that I will not offer up a prayer of well-being for Bing Crosby, or that I shall not listen intently, at Christmas Mass, for that lovely voice to begin, Adeste Fidelis.

Oh come, all ye faithful.

Modern Screen

December, 1957

PAINTING OF 'BOB HOPE' HANGING IN OLD ART GALLERY IN FLORENCE

Kevin Carlton

Florence, Italy- Michelangelo still is the first citizen of Florence, but "Bob Hope" and "Bing Crosby" are pushing the old master.

"Hope's" picture in Oils hangs in a place of honor in the world's finest art museum, the Uffizi gallery, and Crosby's restaurant caters to those Florentine gourmets whose tastes run to an 80% blue plate dinner.

So, through the eyes, and via the stomach, the comedian and the crooner are in an integral part of the artistic and social life of the world's proudest city.

This influence of Hollywood on Florence comes as a surprise to this visitor to put it mildly. In Rome, yes. On Capri, by all means. But in Florence--well, one might as well bump into Dante in an MGM screen writer's office, or Leonardo doing sets for DeMille.

Hollywood's impact on Florence is discovered by chance. No guide points out the picture of "Hope" in the Uffizi, and no travel book recommends Ristorante Bing Crosby.

It's during a leisurely stroll through the marble halls of the Uffizi, and shortly after a pleasurable stand in front of Botticelli's Birth of Venus, that the picture of Hope all but jumps off the wall to startle American eyes.

There's old Ski Nose himself, superbly done in blacks and browns as true to life as he ever was in "Road to Singapore", "Sorrowful Jones." or on his own television shows. The roguish eye, the needle sharp nose, the canoe prow chin, all are there. That the man in the picture is wearing a page boy haircut only reinforces the likeness, and makes it all the more obvious that the name plate on the picture is a palpable mistake. The name plate reads: "Lorenzo Magnifico--Giorgia Vasari, 15-11-1574."

But anyone with eyes would know that Lorenzo the Magnificent never looked that much like Hope. Besides, Hope wasn't around in the sixteenth century to sit for Giorgia Vasari. Jack Benny maybe, but not Hope.

Ristorante Crosby is tucked away on an obscure, narrow, winding dark, little street that parallels the Arno river two blocks away, and is no wider than a stripe on one of Bing's sport Shirts. It's hard to find as a spy drop. Inside, it's a mixture of ancient beams, murals of kitchen maids at work and Florence at sunset, fat candles burning in fatter wine jugs, and a sauntering troubador who tunes his guitar 10 minutes for every one he plays it. The proprietor-chef is Guisepppe Mazzarino who, when asked why he chose to honor Crosby, gives a simple satisfying answer: "He ees my favorita, Beeng." The 80% special of "uova alla Bing Crosby" is a most gratifying dish of ham

PAINTING OF 'BOB HOPE'.....Continued

and eggs and cheese, and the "tournedos Bing Crosby," also featured, is beefsteak that can't be faulted. Bing and Bob should be flattered. Florence is harder to crack than the old palace.

Milwaukee Journal

November 6, 1957

Submitted by: Pat Sullivan

There were many wonderful reviews on the Edsel show, and since by the time this journal is published it will be four months since the show. I have picked just one review which was the best here in New York City.

BING SCORES WITH A BANG

You might expect to cram a lot of entertainment into two TV shows for \$1,000,000 and last night you got it some of it in color, the best of it in plain old black and white. Taking the best first and that would be, by far, the Edsel Show starring Bing Crosby with guests of almost equal veteran stature, it was more than just a brilliant one-shot show, for plain as its black-and-white was its unspoken lesson--there's no substitution, for talent.

The Edsel show has had Bing in fine voice and blithe spirit; Sinatra at his best and indeed lifting his own level of class considerably working alongside Bing; Rosemary Clooney, a warm, limpid, friendly and intimate vocalist to share the swell old melodies and billing; Louis Armstrong, in an amiably explosive opening "That's Jazz" number with Bing, and again with Sinatra. Bing's son Lindsay who sings better than any of the junior Crosbys we've heard to date.

It was in a way a "benefit" for most of the money earned by the Edsel Show to Bing's alma mater Gonzaga University. But it was a benefit presented and performed with great care in every department. Because of Bing's inherent, and quite famous in show business, unwillingness to turn any charity into a vulgarity, he dominated this show only in his unstated insistence that The Edsel Show be first an entertainment, and no nonsense about "We're doing this for free, so let's hear the applause, pals," as too often happens at benefits. Benefits often turn into crass and cringing affairs peopled by stars demanding the spotlight without preparation, or storming off when they can't be put on immediately when such charity shows turn into backstage production shambles.

Bing and Sinatra and Clooney and Satchmo instead went at this with admirable care and taste. No one mentioned what money was to go where. The solicitude was entirely for the viewer. It was framed with subtle simplicity all the principals were at their best and since each individually is equally famous as a performer of great stature in their lighter art, the selections of popular tunes extended almost totally to "standards," the finest durable songs stretching from Bing's "College Humor" movie era today. The overall impact was warm, bright, sentimental, pleasing, and beautifully staged in the delightfully spurious offhand manner which means lots of hard work and planning with everyone went into it. It was a whale of a show.



Greetings, Club Members!

Priscilla Koernig

I am very happy to inform you that Rena gave me her approval on my becoming West Coast Representative for Club Crosby. Hereafter, for each journal, I will write articles containing all the news about Bing that has been in our local papers.

My good friend, Pat Sullivan, suggested my becoming West Coast Representative. After all, Bing was born out here (Tacoma) and he has made California his permanent residence. Bing has been spending quite a lot of time in San Francisco lately, too. So, the latter fact enables me to make this section of our journal more of a success. I sincerely hope that everyone will enjoy reading the latest Crosby news reported directly from the West Coast by me in each journal.

I can sure "Call Me Lucky" because of the terrific news that I can relay to you in my first article as West Coast Representative. I went over to Marin County (across the Golden Gate Bridge) to the Meadow Club Golf Course in Fairfax, California, to see Bing play golf on Sunday, September 22, 1957.

I heard about this golf benefit over a local Radio Station KSFO. Dick Cook who is a disc jockey on that station, announced that he was invited to introduce Bing, and I quote Dick, "as if Bing needs any introduction." One of our local papers also had an article about this benefit. They even included the admission price, which was \$2.50 for adults and \$1.00 for students. The money was to go to the American Field Service exchange program in Marin County.

Patsy Dinein who also belongs to Club Crosby, and my girlfriend Donna went along with me to the Golf Match. We arrived at the Meadow Club around eleven o'clock in the morning. Naturally, I found out just where Bing would arrive when he came. Instead of waiting in the

hot sun, we decided to go inside the Club House; however, we found that only Meadow Club members were admitted. The policeman at the door asked if we had membership cards. Donna and I knew then that we had to be members of the Meadow Club in order to go inside the Club House. However, Patsy who is 14 years old, didn't realize what membership cards meant. So, she showed him her "Club Crosby" membership card. Donna and I started to giggle! At a time like this when a person is excited and nervous anyway, and an incident like that seems twice as funny. The policeman surprisingly said, "I'm afraid that kind of a club card won't get you in here!" After a few minutes he asked Patsy to see her club card again and also asked her age to satisfy his curiosity.

Bing arrived at 11:55a.m. Some friends had picked him up at the San Francisco International Airport and had driven him to Fairfax.

This was the third time (and I might add that it was a "charm"--as the saying goes) that I saw Bing in person. I wrote articles tell you about the other two meetings (the first at San Mateo High School at a school football game in 1948 and the second time in San Francisco in 1950 when Bing Transcribed a radio show.)

I guess I decided I wasn't going to take any chances this time about not getting Bing's autograph, because as soon as he got out of the car, I ran over to him and asked for an autograph. I was also the first one to ask if I could take his picture. He was very nice about signing autographs and posing for pictures. So many times when someone asked him if they could take his picture, Bing would ask (after they snapped a picture), "Did you get it?"

He wore a blue striped suit and green hat. He then went into the Club House to change his clothes. I waited right there for him to come out! He came out about 12:30 wearing grey trousers, a light yellow shirt and a blue sweater (the same color blue of his eyes.)

Bing played golf with Art Bell (three times State Open Champion) against National Amateur Champion Harvie Ward, and the home club pro, Bob Moore. After the opening ceremonies of drawing for partners and introducing the participants in the golf match and a few of the exchange students from foreign countries to Marin County, Bing posed for several pictures with the students. Then the golfers proceeded to practice for the match.

The match started about 1:00pm Poor Bing! I just wouldn't let him get out of my sight. I was walking beside him or either trying to catch up with him all day! I was very fortunate in being able to take ten black and white pictures and twelve colored slides of Bing. This was the first time I had seen Bing since Dixie passed away. I was glad to see that he looks so well, and so much younger in person. A lot of recent pictures just haven't done him justice lately. I thought that was due to the fact that Bing was so lonely after losing Dixie. However, I'm happy to give you a first hand report that Bing does look very well and so much younger in person. (He does look so happy in all the pictures of he and Kathy after their wedding doesn't he? And we all wish you so much happiness, Kathy and Bing).

Later on in the afternoon I asked Bing to sign my autograph book, "To Priscilla". He looked at me and asked, in that low deep voice, "To Priscilla, huh?" I said, "Yes, please." He said, "Is that you?" and I answered, "Yes, that's me!" That little incident made me feel like he remembered writing letters and signing pictures to me, because Priscilla isn't a very common name. Naturally I thanked him. He answered, "Welcome" leaving the your out, which I thought was cute.

They played 18 holes of golf and then another 9. I don't know much about golf at all (not that I wouldn't like to learn, though). In fact, until I saw the paper this next morning, I didn't even know who won! Bing's score was second and Harvie Ward won the match. Everyone was commenting on what a wonderful game of golf Bing played. Naturally I was proud to hear this.

A little girl almost got in the way of Bing's golf club when he hit a ball. I heard Bing tell the man next to him, "Did you see that kid who came from no where all of a sudden? If I hit her, I would have killed her!" Bing was very concerned about that incident. He then jokingly said, "If I hit any more, I won't be able to play!"

One Teenager asked Bing to sign her purse. Bing started to sign his name and said, "Is there anything in it?" I have never seen any celebrity sign their name so much before,---and so willingly, too. Bing was so kind and grateful to everyone, not only about signing autographs, but about posing for pictures too.

Bing was just about to swing at the ball once and very abruptly, he stopped and looked back towards where I was standing and said, "Well! I've got two dollars invested! I've got to think about this!"

After the first 18 holes, Bing went back to the Club House to change his clothes as it was quite a hot day in Marin County. He changed into a gray sport shirt, which had "BING" monogrammed on his pocket. I didn't get any pictures of Bing in this outfit, as I had already used up all the film I'd brought with me. If I'd known I could have taken so many pictures, I sure would have brought along another roll of colored slides. I never dreamed I'd be so close to Bing for five hours! I don't regret that too much, though, because my one dream came true. I always hoped I could see Bing in person at least once more; and that this third time I would be able to get his autograph and take some pictures. Course, I know I will be hoping that I can see Bing in person again and again and again!

One of the many things that amazed me about Bing was the way he carried on a conversation. We all know he's that way, but you should hear him speak in French and Spanish languages to foreigners! I only understood one thing he said in the Spanish language; because I have never bothered to learn a foreign language; that was, Si, si Sann Frann-cees-co!"

I have admired and liked Bing ever since I can remember and I guess I always will be one of his most ardent fans. I think that when a fan sees Bing in person, she becomes an even more ardent fan (if that's possible in any case!) Bing is so nice just an ordinary person. And I know that anyone who wasn't actually a Crosby fan before seeing Bing in person, just can't help liking the man after meeting Bing. This happened to my girlfriend!

SONG-PLUGGER - Shy young feller holding a stack of records, tiptoed into the office of Kathie Furniss, the KCBS librarian, yesterday morning and wondered: "Uh---think you could schedule these on a few programs?" She looked at the labels---Bing Crosby singing Christmas song---and said, "We'll sure try. And who are you?" "Uh---Dennis," mumbled Dennis Crosby, stealing softly away.

San Francisco Examiner

November 21, 1957

Bing Crosby could easily become mayor of Kathy Grant's home town. He stood in line for four hours and shook hands with every last citizen in the Texas hamlet

November 20, 1957

the envelope of the letter to Ann Heidelberger (St. Louis, Mo.)

The mailman in Flo Van Brock's (St. Louis, Mo.) neighborhood was hollering for help when Flo's name was published in Nick Kenny's Shut-In Column in the New York Mirror. Flo was deluged with cards and letters and now she has many new pen pals.

Chris Gibb (Newark, N.J.), our president, Rena, and I had to fall back on the old line "wait until next year" when "our" New York Yankees lost the World Series.

In a letter from Priscilla Koernig (San Francisco, Calif.) she mentioned she had had a postcard from Seattle, Washington, from Ron Field, who is from Australia but who is presently traveling over here (or was in August at any rate). On the card Ron said he had met Bing and Priscilla was expecting to see Ron when he got to San Francisco and learn all about his meeting with Bing.

Knitter Elsie Schweer (Chicago, Ill.) is still working on her dress but is making progress. She reports the skirt about done.

Since closing her lodge in October, Pearl Elliott (Lakefield, Canada) has had a busy Fall painting, repairing and generally getting the lodge ready for next season. Pearl's present plans include a possible trip to Pittsburgh next Spring to visit some friends who have been guests at her lodge for 27 years--if that's not a wonderful testimonial, I don't know what it is.

Mary Light (Avon, N.Y.) hopes maybe this will be the year she will make it to New York City for the Christmas to New Year's period. She's been trying to get here for several years now.

The blustery, cold day of our first snow storm in this area, when we got 13" stuff, I had a letter from DAVE SIMMONS (New Zealand) complaining about the heat wave there--boy, how I would have loved to change places!

My spy tells me that Mary Maloney, (Elizabeth, N.J.) did a very good job as chair lady of the Canadian Club Council Convention held at the Sheraton-Astor Hotel here in New York over Armistice Day weekend. The Canadian Club Council is an organization which includes many of the well known and up and coming fan clubs in the U.S. and Canada. At the banquet which they had in connection with their convention they had as their guests: Bob Evans, the new fellow in the movie "The Sun Also Rises"; Robin Morgan, who you many may remember played the part of Dagamar in the Mama television series; Richard Morse, who has appeared on such television shows as Alcoa and Good-year; and Rona Barrett, fan club editor of "Screen Stars."

Ruth Ness (Miami, Florida) has gone nautical on us. She has been accompanying friends in skimming over the Florida waters in boats of all sizes and shapes including a sailboat and a 35 footer--the latter sounds pretty impressive to us.

A recent letter From Stanley Molegode one of our London members gave me quite a start because printed on the envelope was "Armed Forces Air Letter". However, it turned out Stan hadn't really signed

TETE - A - TETE.....Continued

up--it was just a shortage at the post office of the regular air letter forms.

Best wishes to you all for a happy and successful New Year.

RECORD REVIEW

Rena Albanesi

Never Be Afraid

I Love You Whoever You Are Kapp K-195X

I Love You Whoever you Are sets a romantic lyric in a latino mood and Bing Crosby gives it clicko stature. Never Be Afraid is a well fashioned message song but its pop play potential is limited.
(Variety) (October 16, 1957)

Never Be afraid Bing sings this inspirational song with tenderness and style. It is one of the singles from the package done in conjunction with Simon & Schuster.

I Love you Whoever you are in contrast to the flip this is lighter in quality, with a light beat and persuasive rhythm. Recorded very well, with chorus backing Bing.

How Lovely Is Christmas My Own Individual Star

Kapp K-196X

How Lovely is Christmas puts Bing Crosby in the Christmas running again with a neatly fashioned ballad that's meaningful and warm. My Own Individual Star is an impressive ballad that may grab attention after the Yule spree.

(Variety) (November 27, 1957)

How Lovely is Christmas this lovely Christmas ballad is given the usual smooth treatment by Crosby. The pretty theme could well become a new holiday standard. Flip, My Own Individual Star is a waltz that is also listenably presented. Platter will probably be getting plenty of air exposure during the next few weeks.

(Billboard) (November 11, 1957)

Bing With A Beat

R.C.A. Vic LPM-1473

Side 1

Let A Smile be Your Umbrella
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and
Write Myself a Letter
Along the Way to Waikiki
Exactly Like You
Dream a Little Dream of Me
Last Night On the Back Porch

Side 2

Some Sunny Day
Whispering
Tell Me
Mack the Knife
Down Among the Sheltering Palms
Mama Loves Papa

Bob Scobey's Frisco Jazz Band has put Bing Crosby in one of his happiest and swingiest vocal frames. The evergreens are ever-bright when Crosby and Scobey match wits.

(Variety)

(September 2, 1957)

RECORD REVIEW.....Continued

Bing with a Beat set is the Jazz Save-On-Records special for September, but its appeal is strictly pop. It's a par package for the Groaner, and jazz backing is undistinguished. The price will move a good quantity, but both Bing and Scooby have done better.
(Billboard) (September 2, 1957)

Ali Baba and The Forty Thieves

A298-20

A Christmas Story - An Axe An Apple And A

Buckskin Jacket

A298-21

Golden Records, has taken a major step in the package goods field with the release of these two Crosby packages. On both sets, the label has blended story and a song into a waxed theatrical production that has so much taste and charm that the moppets, for whom the albums are pegged, will have to fight against the oldsters taking 'em over. The Treatment of the material is the important thing here. In addition to Crosby, who is in exceptional vocal form as narrator and songster, the composers and lyricists rate equal billing. For "Ali Baba" Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard Rodgers) supplied the music to Sammy Cahn's words. It is a happy blending. Score uses rhythm and ballad to good effect with "I Love You Whoever You Are" shaping as a pop stepout. "A Christmas Story," books and lyrics by Arnold Sundgaard to Alec Wilder's music, has all the qualities to become a Yule classic. The story of a young boy's dream in story of a young boy's dream in the Kentucky frontier 100 years ago will appeal to the young 'uns and will appeal to the young "oldsters". And "How Lovely Is Christmas" will grab an important spot when 1957's Yule-tune sweepstakes begin.

(Variety)

September 4, 1957

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves At \$2.98 with Bing and considerable ballyhoo, that can't miss, especially on the racks. Tunes, by Sammy Cahn and Mary Rodgers, are delightful, and Bing sings well. He also narrates in that inimitable, informal manner. More in cases of discriminating parents will object to the gore and certain elements of morality involved, but the mass market will not be deterred.

A Christmas Story Sales can be made on this the year around, if pushed. It's Bing again at \$2.98, in a fine story that leans on several American folk heroes, including Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed and Dan'l Boone. Story and lyrics by Arnold Sundgaard, music by Alec Wilder and includes one tune that could become a big seasonal hit-"How Lovely is Christmas". Sock Packaging at the price.

(Billboard)

September 9, 1957

Portrait of Bing

Leroy Holmes Orchestra

MGM E-3569

The selections are those which Crosby introduced in films or which were record successes. The settings are lush and romantic and a voice that resembles Crosby's gives out with a crooning and whistling bit. Numbers include "Moonlight Becomes You", "Where the Blue of the Night" and "But Beautiful". Crosby fans will prefer the man himself.

(Billboard)

September 2, 1957

If you have an X on your label, this means you must rejoin, to receive your next issue.

PEN PALS

Pat Sullivan

Dear Members,

Well, here it is almost Christmas. By the time the issue of which this will be a part reaches your homes, however, the holidays will be undoubtedly be over for another year. My very Best Wishes to all of you for a very happy 1958. Here a few new penpals to drop a line to:

Kay Stewart
21 Albert Street
Ringwood, Melbourne
Victoria, Australia

Kay is 16 years old and, besides being a Bing fan, she also likes the movies, modern and ballroom dancing and sports. She is especially eager to correspond with members from Texas or Oklahoma, but she will welcome all letters.

Loma Atoa
59 Plunket Terrace
Hamilton East
North Island,
New Zealand

Loma is a Samoan girl who is now living in New Zealand. She would like to write to either a boy or girl between the ages of 18 and 25. She writes that there are many Crosby fans in Samoa and the surrounding islands and that there are big hopes of extending Thelma Hardie's Southern Cross Branch of the Club to the Pacific. Besides Bing, her interests are collecting film magazines and Island stamps.

Donna Gene Hayes
3141 Oak Grove Place
Toledo 13, Ohio

Donna is 14 years old and would like to correspond with members of her own age from other countries. Her hobbies are collecting pictures and records of Bing Crosby. She also collects pictures of Bob Hope.

Linda Simpson
c/o Box 421
Christchurch, South
Island
New Zealand

I received an especially nice letter from Linda. She writes that she is 19 years old and would like to write to penpals in the United States who are interested in Bing or Pat Boone. Linda's other interests are collecting records and film books, singing, baseball, basketball, photography and films.

Pat McHale
1314 Wright Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

I also received a very nice letter from Pat. She is 26 years old and would like to hear from members over 25, particularly in the California and Florida areas. She lists her hobbies as singing, dancing, writing and oil coloring, and she also enjoys baseball, golf, bowling and horsebackriding.

Barbara O' Toole
1512 East 86th. Place
Chicago, Illinois

Bill Greehy Jr.
23 Cambridge Avenue
Garden City, New York

Robert C. Carty
409 Avenue "C"
Horsham, Pa.

Harry Fulmer
2956 N. Leithgow Street
Philadelphia 33, Pa.

Sandy Zedalis
47-19 194th. Street
Flusing 58, New York

Those lost five are names of members who desire pen pals but for whom I have no information as to their hobbies and interests. If they will drop me a line before the deadline time for the next journal, I will see to it that their names are included again complete with their interests and hobbies. Hope to be hearing from many others of you as well.

Sincerely,
Pat Sullivan



"OUR PLAQUE"

November 3, 1957 was a great day for Bing, his family and our Club Crosby, the dedication of the Crosby Memorial Library at Gonzaga University at Spokane, Washington.

Said Bing: "I wish (Bob) Hope could see me now," quickly followed by, "And I wish my mother were here, too, for she's the only one who'd believe all those things just said about me."

"As I look back on this campus, I've probably spent more time here," he quipped; "than any other layman. I wasn't exactly Father DeSmet's altar boy, but I was around the campus about 15 or 16 years altogether."

"And if I've gotten anywhere in show business, or achieved anything, it's due to the environmental influence I've had here."

"Loving this school and the people in charge the way I do, and knowing the desire for this handsome, useful and sorely needed edifice. I had to respond. "Here are the keys, Father Morton."

And as Father Morton formally dedicated the building from the Crosby clan "to the greater glory of God," Bing took Father Morton by the arm, and said, "Let's go see if these keys will work."

They were quickly followed by Mrs. Crosby, who took the arm of the former Gonzaga president, the Very Rev. Francis E. Corkey, S.J., and the other Crosbys, Bing's twin sons, Dennis and Philip: his brother, Larry, and wife here from Los Angeles, and brother, Ted (E.J.) and wife, of Spokane Valley.

(Spokane Daily Chronicle)

November 4, 1957

THE CONTINENT A' LA' JO

Well Gang, I wish I could tell you about each and every wonderful country on this fabulous Continent, but unfortunately, I did not make every one though I can tell you about a terrific part of it, and if you are not happy with it, then you will have to do the rest of it yourself and finish this article. O.K.?

From London Town we ventured south east to the White Cliffs of Dover, failed to see a blue-bird, but did crawl up and down the famous cliffs. Dover "The Gateway of England" is a town where the visitor can walk hand-in-hand with history and at the same time enjoy the amenities of a pleasant sea-side resort. We visited the famous Castle which dominates the town from the Eastern Cliff. Riddled with underground passages, it was in part of these underground workings that "Operation Dynamo" which rescued our troops from the Dunkirk Beaches was planned. At the Eastern end of the Bay is Shakespeare Cliff, so vividly described by Will Shakespeare in his "King Lear". After spending two days in Dover we embarked on a steamer bound for Boulogne, France. Tingling with excitement, I can't quite recall but I think the journey took about five or six hours. I only know I didn't think we would ever get there. It was a lovely sunny day, I can see us now standing on the deck watching the white cliffs grow smaller, then just a blur in the distance, then miles and miles of water on either side, the channel seemed endless. Then a blur on the other side appeared and we knew France was coming closer. Next thing we were there, going ashore, checking through customs and at last foot loose once again on a foreign shore, with our ruck sacks (or Hava-sacks) well marked with various Aussie emblems. We had a road map which we had purchased in London called "Europe Touring" one of the best maps one can get for the Continent. As I must state now, we were doing this trip on a very low pocket, and because of this we estimated just how many countries we could see, and it came to three, so which ones will they be? It was now late summer, and although it was hot in France, further up north the weather was gradually getting colder, snow was already on the ground in the northern parts of Germany, so SOUTH it was. Looking at our map we selected a main highway leading through the provinces of Pas De Calais, Somme, and Oise, tauds (guess what?) PARIS. We had not gone very far along this road, when a beautiful salmon-pink Dodge Convertible slid to a halt beside us, and a girl about twenty five thrust her attractive head through the car window, and said (in an accent that to us sounded like American, but later turned out to be Canadian) "Want a lift Girls?" Gladly accepting same, we were presently off at a quicker pace. We began introductions, her name was Betty Morfe from Montreal, Quebec. She had come from Canada to stay several months with her Aunt in London and then to make a trip down to the south of France to Nice on the Riviera to stay with a friend and to learn French. She was a law student from a Montreal University. She told us she did not intend to go to Paris, for she knew the money she did have would be gone in a short time there, if we liked, she said, we could continue with her and see Paris on the way back. We thought about this for a long time and decided she was correct, we knew if we went straight to Paris, we would possibly not get any further, so it was all agreed. At Chantilly we swerved east to avoid Paris and went to Laon, south to Reims, a delightful town where we had a typical French lunch consisting of French cheese, wine, beautiful long, long, long bread rolls and a delicious Glace (ice-cream) and then on again to Chalons, picking roads at random, admiring the scenery, taking snaps, singing, talking, then south west to lovely

Fontainebleau where we stayed at the Youth Hostel. We spent three enjoyable days there getting ourselves acquainted with the French shops, local scenery, ways of life and the excellent food. This city is one of the most beautiful in all France to my way of thinking. The Forest of Fontainebleau is magnificent, not to forget the lovely Castle and its history. We found the people most friendly and helpful as was the case in all Europe. Just outside the city is an American Army Base, where the U.S. Army houses the wives and children of the men stationed there, beautifully kept homes and gardens set on the fringe of the forest.

After leaving Fontainebleau we continued south to Moulins and still south to Lyon, stopping along the way to buy food or have a "Picnic" by the side of a river stream. We had at this point picked up two other Canadian girls that made five of us, and a heap of fun we had. I taught the girls to sing "The Road to Gundagai", but they did not need much help with "Waltzing Matilda". That's one thing that amazed me, just how many non-Australians could sing at least one chorus, if not all of "Waltzing", and they in turn taught us to sing "THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER."

We had a wonderful time with them as far as Lyon, then we decided to continue on to Spain, and the other two Canadians decided to go to French Morocco and Betty of course determined to reach the Riviera. We said our goodby's at St. Etienne, a little way further south from Lyon, and we continued our way through Nimes, receiving several lifts along the way. I must state here and now that neither of us could or can speak any other language than English, so usually the conversation went something like this. Parle vous Anglaise Monsieur? (or Madame) usually the answer was, Non! but sometimes it was, A leetle, I speak English. If it was the former, I pointed in the direction we were destined and indicated the spot on my map, and hoped for the best, the rest of the journey being undertaken in silence. Should it be the latter then a great deal of arm waving and gestulating followed, but these people are very patient and we learned to be the same and we always made out fine.

Upon reaching Nimes we inquired after the Youth Hostel, in French it's La Auberges De La Jeunesse or the Hostel for the Young, but don't let this throw you, it means as young as you feel, the ages seemed to range between 9 and 90.

Nimes is a beautiful city and the Hostel is set way up on top of one of the highest hills, from the top of which one can get a glimpse of the whole locality, which is very picturesque and peaceful, and a just reward for the steep climb to the top of the hill.

We spent two days there eating, looking, taking pictures, rubbing shoulders with culture at every turn, but mostly gestulating and waving strange patterns in the air with our hands.

On again a few kilometers south to a delightful little place called Montpellier which was to be our last French stop-over before going into Spain. The Hostel there was one of the loveliest we saw in France and we liked the place so much that we stayed two days and made a lot of friends in the Hostel crowd. In our dormitory were four girls besides ourselves. A Canadian, an American and two French girls. We became especially friendly with the Canadian girl, Phyllis Bird as she told us lots of do's and don'ts about Spain, as she had just returned from a trip there. She was now on her way to Italy and we made arrangements to meet at the Hostel in Rome if we happened to make it by the following month.

We caught a train at Montpellier Station to go across the Spanish Border, as hitch-hiking in Spain is not allowed, neither are slacks, jeans, shorts etc., a dress is the accepted thing in that country (we learned all this from Phyllis the previous night at the Hostel.) We crossed the Border at Port Bou and made the train journey last as far as Barcelona, the city of Romance. What a lovely country Spain is, how friendly the people (especially the Senors, too friendly at times) and how gay, Barcelona is one of the most delightful places one could possibly want to visit. We were there for two whole weeks and I wish to this day we could have stayed two whole years. The colour, the excitement, the gaiety is contagious, everyone appears to not have a care in the world, they seem to laugh most of the time. We went to see our very first bull-fight there on a Wednesday afternoon, paid 100 pesetas to sit in the sombra or shade. I lasted till the second bull was slaughtered and it got the best of me, I had to leave. Phyll on the other hand stuck it out till the fifth or sixth bull and then had to join me for a much needed coffee. The kill for the day was eight bulls in two and a half hours. I have always been very tender hearted when it comes to any animal and I felt so sorry for the terror-stricken bulls, that I found myself on it's side against all oncomers. I am glad I went just the same because it is an experience, but I should never want to go again, once is enough for me at least.

At night we would go and watch the dancers in their traditional dress perform for the visitors. We met two other Canadians who lived in the same Ponseon or house as we. (Hostels are also not allowed in Spain) and we would make a foursome and go to a cute little restaurant called "Las Cavas De Carascal" where the best Cataloneon Dancers would perform. It took us a few days to get used to the hours in Spain, that they keep, for instance (the heat being the cause) work begins about 7 or 7:30 a.m. stops at 12 o'clock noon for Siesta, commences again at about 2 o'clock and finishes again at 6:30 or 7 p.m. then the fun begins, much food and wine drinking and dancing.

I could go on and on about Spain but space is limited and so is my vocabulary. After Barcelona we made a flying dash to Madrid and spent a few days in that wonderful city, and across to Portugal for a quick glimpse of this sweet country (where they do not kill bulls in the bull-ring only over-power them, or wear them out with beautiful foot-work).

We went to Lisbon for a very short time and then straight across again to Port Bou on the French Spanish Border and out into France again up to Nabonne and Beziers across east to Marseille and we found ourselves at the beginning of the most beautiful and expensive part of the Continent, The French Riviera, St. Raphael, Cannes, Nice, Monaco which has the famous Casino Monte Carlo. All the way along the Martimes as far as San Remo in Italy is the man made beauty and the natural side by side. Splendour in everything, the Villas are out of this world. The hillsides are covered with carnations which are sold in the Nice Flower Market. Not to mention the cars, clothing, store displays enough to make your hair curl, and flashy jewelry. It is known as the millionaires playground and as far as I can see they would have to be to live there, but like me it cost's nothing to look at the beauty of it all. The prettiest sight I can remember is looking out over the harbour of Monaco and Nice and away in the distance Cannes, just as the sun was going down, it is a sight I shall remember all my life. I have never seen anything so breathtakingly beautiful. I was standing on the hill at the back of

the Royal Palace of Prince Rainier's (and Princess Grace & Co.,) and I could see for miles along the Coast, see the beautiful beaches with the flecks of colour moving to and fro as the bathers splashed and romped around. The Casino is something that just couldn't be missed and I spent hours watching the players bet, lose and win thousands like it was water and the constant gabble of voices of many nationalities.

We caught a bus and travelled in comfort across the Monaco French Italian Border through Imperia, Savona, spent a day in lovely Genova, on again to La Spezia, Massa, Lucca to Pisa to see the famous wonder of the old world "The Leaning Tower" and a curious sight it is mixed in with modern business offices of the city. Many people moving around it's base, just like any business section of a city. The Tower as you know is leaning at about a 20 degree angle, slipping a little more (maybe a fraction of an inch) every so many years. This is because of the sandy soil it is set in. They have built a concrete and cement base around it to lessen the strain, but regardless of this it is still gradually slipping, but it is expected to be a good few decades before it will be a danger. They have given it so many more years to live, so to speak, same as the Empire State Building in New York City. It is a wonderful thing to see, it is so old, and looks so wise, I think, Gosh! all the changes it has towered above over hundreds of years. When you climb to the top, because of the angle it is leaning and the upright way you walk, it is a weird sensation, like you were walking on the wall, and from the top one can see all Pisa, and the famous wall that surrounds the city, the wonderful churches and old historic bridges.

We continued our way after a two day stop-over towards our goal Rome. It took us all day in the tour bus to reach the seat of the Roman Empire, and we were tired when we arrived so we went straight to the Hostel or Ostello as the Italians call it. There we met our old friend Phyllis Bird whom we had befriended in Montpellier. The next day we were up bright and early, had a rush breakfast, then armed with cameras, flat shoes and some Lira (money), the first place we wanted to see was the Vatican City, but we were told it was better to go the next day as the Pope would be there, and would bless the multitude in the Piazza St. Pietro, so we went to see "The Fountain of Trevi" the famous fountain from the Movie "Three Coins in the Fountain" and we threw our three coins in and wished to return some day. Rome itself is a magnificent city of delightful stores, casinos, restaurants, parks and in the majority STATUES. The city is huge and if you were to stay for months I am sure you couldn't see it all, or even half of it, so as we could only stay a few days we had to choose between so many delightful things to see. We had a long look for instance at the Colosseum, standing at the top and looking down into the pit where the poor unfortunate Christians were devoured by wild animals, the lovely Roman Forum, the Sunken Baths, beautiful Victor Emanuel Memorial and heaps of other famous historical structures.

Every second structure brings back memories of my history at school, only a heap more interesting. Second day we went to St. Peter's Basilica and saw His Holiness bless thousands of people in the Square, nearly got killed in the crush to get blessed ourselves, then we went inside the largest church in the world; the interior is enough to take your breath away, the tapestry, the fine woodwork the paintings, the sculpture, I never dreamed anything could be so beautiful. The size of the building is enormous, in comparison to Grand Central Station, New York City in height. Where every movement is echoed and

and Sistine Chapel at the side of St. Peter's Basilica is the most famous building in all Rome for it contains the masterpieces of Michelangelo, the Master of Religious Art. The Sistine Chapel was named for Pope Sixtus IV, who had begun the decoration of its walls with Bible scenes, but who died before the work was completed. Some twenty years later Pope Julius II commissioned Michelangelo to paint the ceiling and end wall. They were to be done in fresco, which is water-colour on the wet plaster of a wall or ceiling, a durable kind of painting but exhausting for the artist. Perhaps a head or a pair of hands would be a day's work. Imagine the labour! Ten thousand square feet to be designed, sketched, plastered and painted with more than three hundred and forty human figures, all overhead, and all at seven stories above the floor! It took Michelangelo four and a half years to do it. He nearly went blind from the paint falling in his eyes. The ceiling story begins over the altar with God creating a giant figure, supported by angels and filled with vitality and power. Michelangelo's genius and energy as a painter are magnificently displayed in the Sistine Chapel, but painting is only one of the fields in which he excelled, a sculptor, and a poet, the Church in Rome stands as a monument to his greatness as an architect. He lived from 1475-1564.

We spent all day at the Vatican, the City within a city the Vatican has its own stamps, shops and population, mostly Nuns, Brothers and Priests from all over the world who come to study at the University there. The Pope is sole Ruler of Vatican City, where as outside the Walls, Rome has its own Parliamentary power and ways of life. The two cities are connected by several famous bridges over the Tevere River, the most beautiful of these bridges is the Arc-Angel Bridge, summounted with huge, larger than life Heavenly Angels, this connects one of the main streets of Rome City to the Vatican City at Hadrians Tomb, a huge monument built to the memory of one of Rome's great Caesars (of which there were many, Julius Caesar being the greatest). Hadrians wife built the tomb in the memory of her husband centuries ago, through this lapse of time it has been used in many different ways, other than that for which it was first built.

After spending almost a week in the Eternal City we commenced our journey back north once again through Viterbo, Arezzo, till we came to lovely Firenze (or better known as Florence) the city of beautiful flowers and magnificent buildings, we could only stay there for a day, unfortunately, it is a very picturesque city.

We journeyed on till we came to delightful Milano (we pronounce it without the O). You all have heard of the world famous Opera House there A La Scala where all the famous singers go sooner or later to sing in the biggest and best known Opera House in all the world, also famous in Milan is the magnificent cathedral with its countless spires, but apart from these wonderous places, Milan is a bright gay city, where every Italian considers himself a great voice, which amazingly enough most everyone in Italy, be they peasant or business manager can always manage to give a pleasing rendition of some song or other, they put so much feeling in their singing. We were there two days and then we made our way to Torino (again we say Turin) on the delightful river Po, and then we went north to Bern in Switzerland, although that is all we saw of this wonderful country, it was enough to let us know just what we were missing, but we couldn't have everything. We were only in Bern for a day, but it was unforgettable, and the people just wonderful to us.

We made our way back into France to Reims, but we were running very short of cash, though we were determined to see Paris even if we had to walk, which we didn't have to. We met an American chap from Chicago named Tom and he could speak a bit of the language so things went along just fine and he had been in Paris several times before, so he knew all the workings of the intricate Paris sub-way. We found a cute little hotel in Montmarte, one block from the Moulin Rouge and right in the heart of this famous city of love and patriotism, La Paree, or La Belle Paree, (like a beautiful woman) on the beautiful, peaceful River Seine. All the praises you have heard sung in honour of this city are the nearest a person can come to describing it. One has to see it to believe anything in the way of a man-made city can be so breath-takingly beautiful, so gay, romantic and sweet. The feeling of brightness is all around you and you feel the same way. Tom, Phyll and I had a picnic in the park beside the wonderful Arc De Tryumph or Place De Etoile, people called out to us as they passed, Bon Appertite (good eating). We roamed the city feeling the loveliness of it all, we saw the artists at work on the left bank section, stall after stall of painting, good bad and indifferent, its market of paintings, where one can bargain with the creator of the masterpiece. Just along from this colourful setting is the renowned steel structure which you all know as the Eiffel Tower with its elevators taking visitors from all corners of the world to the top to see far over Paris in all directions. The elevators run in three stages, the first one takes you to the first landing, the second to the central platform and the third to the top. At the top is a large gift shop and restaurant. Paris has close to seven million people living within its immediate city and suburbs. We lost no time in going to see the Louvre, to see all its wealth in famous paintings, amongst the best known of course is the portrait of Madonna Lisa Del Giocondo, called Mona Lisa for short, Legend has it that music, played while she posed, charmed the curious smile to her lips. The thing that impressed me most about this famous Leonardo da Vinci masterpiece is her beautiful soft delicate hands. Then there are the beautiful ballerinas of Edgar Dagas, graceful and soft, also the works of realist Edouard Manet, and many, many others, worth a King's ransom.

We spent close to a week in Paree and then it had to be Au Revoir. I hope to return some day and capture the spirit of La Belle again. From Paris we went to Beauvais and then on to Boulogne where we caught the ship across the Channel once again, to England. What a store of memories we have, worth more than anything to us.

Well, gang I am just about all in after this report. See you next journal for a look at this Toronto, Canada where I am living.

"Bing" cerely,
Jo Clancy

I have some back copies of "Bingang". I also have two copies of, "Call Me Lucky" in the \$1.00 copy.

Please do acknowledge your journal, and when you rejoin make out your check or money order to me (Rena Albanesi) and not to be made out to "The Club Crosby".